THE Dutch-Gards FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

IN Times of great Danger, have we been so civil,
To save your Religion from Pope and the Devil?
The Freedoms & Laws which our Kingdom may boast
Have we not Restor'd 'em, before they were Lost?
Your Lives we Preserv'd, from the Priests Bloody Slaughter,
Endangering our Own by our Crossing the Water.
We might have been Kill'd too, but that we were Cunning,
And turning our Tails, sav'd our selves by our Running.
Must those our Adventures with Shame be Rewarded;
And not in the Leiger of Fame be Recorded?
Must we, the Battalions of Chosen *Dutch* Skaters,
Be drove by a Law from your Wives and your Daughters,
And kick'd from the Crown, like a parcel of Traytors?
Must we that Redrem'd you from *Popery* and *Slavery*;
And made you all Free in the use of your *Liberty*:
Be Recompenc'd thus for our *Courage* and *Bravery*?
O *England*! O *England*! 'Tis very hard Measure,
And things done in Haste, are Repented at Leisure.
But since we are forc'd to take leave of your Nation,
And *Lope Skellum* after a very Odd fashion;
Where our *Frows* and our *Skaldren* were happily Settled,
To tell you the Truth, we are damnably Nettled.
We bid you farwell, since we're bound to forsake ye;
And heartily Wish a *Revolt* Devil may take ye.
May Discords Domestick arise and Confound ye;
And *Lewis* this Summer with Forces Surround ye.

May

May your Taxes encreaſe till it quite has undone ye;
And the *Dutch* run away with your *Trade* and your *Money*.
In the Midſt of all which, may your Bankers forſake-ye;
And Run with their Treaſure to *Holland*, and Break-ye.
Farwel to your Beef, Pudding, Capon, and Mutton,
And all your fine Dainties, ſo fit for a Glutton:
You've nothing ſo Good for a *Dutchman* to Eat,
As Burgooe, Red-herring, Dry'd Whiting, and Scate;
It's Food for a Burgher, or Chief of the *State*.
Farewell to your Women, made Fine by their Cloaths;
He that tickles their Tobies, endangers his Noſe;
They'll ne'er be ſo Honeſt and Sound as our *Frowes*.
Farewel to our Lanladies, Heave reclaim 'em!
Who ſuffer'd *Dutch Boars* to ſo heartily *Brim* 'em.
And all [illegible] due to their Cuckoldly Spouſes,
Whoſe Wives we ſubdu'd, and Commanded their Houſes.
Farwel to the Fruites of their kind Converſation,
The brood of Young *Flemins* we've left the Nation,
Who in time may torment-ye (or elſe a plague rot 'em)
And Revenge the Affront done to us that Begot-'em:
'Mongſt us 'tis the Nature of Siſter or Brother,
To puniſh all Wrongs, done to Father or Mother:
For that Mortal Duty in us is Inherent,
We'll never ſee injury done to our Parent.
Farwel to the Grandure and State that we liv'd-in;
And to your deep Bags we have pretty well div'd-in.
Farewel Brother Soldiers, you Drunken poor Fellows,
Who whilſt we were Paid, run the hazard of Gallows,
Like True Men of Honour, in trying your Fortune,
For Money to Compas a *Punk* and a *Quartan*,
Farwel to the Pleaſures of *Kenſington* Town;
And the Surlers true *Nantz*, that went merrily down.
Farewel to King *WILLIAM*, and Long may he Reign,
Whoſe Service we're fore'd from; and now to be plain,
Vel G---d we ſhall ne're live ſo Happy again.

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